

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With ravishing Diuision to her Lure.

Glend. Nay, if thou meele, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you, *Howe* you be, *Howe* you be, *Howe* you be.

On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,

And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,

And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,

And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,

Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse;

Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,

As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,

The houre before the Heauenly Harnes'd Teeme

Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ile fit, and heare her sing:

By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,

Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;

And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Mort. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:

Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy

Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke plays.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,

And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:

Byrlady hee's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musically,

For you are altogether gouerned by humors:

Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in

Irish.

Lady. Wouldst thou haue thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:

Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;

And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day;

And giuest such Sarcenet furye for thy Oathes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.

Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling Oath; and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,

To Veluer-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-

breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when yee
will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,

And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:

The Prince of Wales, and I,

Must haue some priuate conference:

But be neere at hand,

For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,

For some displeasing seruice I haue done;

That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,

Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a scourge for me:

But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,

Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd

For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen

To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude societie,

As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,

Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,

And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,

As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge

My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me begge,

As in reproofe of many Tales deuiz'd,

Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,

By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;

I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,

Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:

Yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;

And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.

The hope and expectation of thy time

Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man

Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.

Had I so lauish of my presence beene,

So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,

So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;

Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,

Had still kept loyall to possession,

And left me in reputelesse banishment,

A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.

By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,

But like a Comer, I was wondred at.

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:

Others would say, Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.

And then I stole all Courtlesse from Heauen,

And dresst my selfe in such Humilitie,

That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,

Lowd Shows and Salutations from their mouthes,

Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.

Then in the presence of my Person fresh and new,

Thus I did keepe my Robe Pontificall,

My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,

Ne're seene, but wondrous at: and so my State,

Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,

And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.

The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,

With shallow Iesters, and rash Bawin Wits,

Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,

Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,

And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,

To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push

Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;

Grew a Companion to the common Sreeter,

Euen off'd himselfe to Populartie:

That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,

They suffred with Honey, and began to loathe

The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.

So when he had occasion to be seene,

He was but as the Cuckow in Iune,

Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,

As sicke and blunted with Communitie,

Afford no extraordinarie Gaze,

Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maieskie,

When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:

But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,

Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect

As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,

Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:

For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,

With vile participation. Not an Eye

But is aware of thy common sight,

Sae mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:

Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,

Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thicke gracious Lord,

Be more my selfe.

King. For all the World,

As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,

When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh:

And euen as I was then, is Percy now:

Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the State

Then thou, the shadow of Succession;

For of no Right, nor colour like to Right,

Hedoth fill fields with Harnes in the Realme,

Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;

And being no more in debt to yeres, then thou,

Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on

To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.

What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,

Against renowned Douglas? whose high Deedes,

Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,

Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritic,

And Militarie Title Capitall.

Through all the Kingdome that acknowledge Christ,

Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant War

Discomfited gre

Enlarged him, a

To fill the mouth

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The Arch-bishop

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